The Centre Reporter.

VOL. LXXIII. CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1900. NO. 49.

SUPPLEMENT.

The King and the Republican.

Among stories of the late King Humbert told by the Roman correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung we read:

"He is not like a king," said the president of a half socialist trades union. "He is like an honest private man who finds himself accidentally upon a throne."

Another who was elected as spokesman for his trade union on account of his bold republicanism said to the king, "Majesty, I am a republican, but I confess that if the republic were established I should use all my influence to get you elected as our first president." "My dear advocate," said King Humbert, "would it not be better for our fatherland if you were to take me as I am?"

Another after coming from an audience with King Humbert said to his colleagues, "It is not half so difficult a matter to interview the king as it is to interview the principal of our firm."

Heartless Advice.

"My brain is on fire!" tragically exclaimed Mrs. Bobkins as she threw herself down upon the sofa.

"Why don't you blow it out?" absentmindedly replied Bobkins, deeply absorbed in the evening newspaper. And then he dodged a flying hairbrush.

Because the World Can't Help It.

"A true poet writes poetry because he can't help it."

"Oh, no; a true poet writes poetry because nobody can stop him."—Chicago Record.

The war against monoply must continue.

Rev. George S. Sorber, for fifteen years pastor of Trinity Reformed church, Watsontown, and the Reformed church at McEwensville, has received and accepted a call to Bethany Reformed church, York, Pa.

A feature of the export business of the port last month was the unusually heavy shipment of apples abroad. The steamers sailing from Boston on the different lines took out 113,511 barrels, while last year the shipments amounted to 27,245 barrels for the same period.

JOHN T. LEE,
CARRIAGE AND WAGON BUILDER,
Centre Hall, Pa.

I am especially prepared to do all kinds of work in my line in a most satisfactory manner.

REMODELING

Buggies and Carriages made a specialty ....

Trimming and Painting

done in the best and latest styles.

Wagon work of all kinds solicited. Our experience in wagon building qualifies us to do the best work.

Prices Meet all Competition.

☞ NEW ELLIPTIC SPRING TOP BUGGY, hand-made, spring cushions and back, offered at a sacrifice price.

Special Offer in Photos
For Xmas Trade.

With every dozen of our $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 photos, we will give one of our $1.50 Roll Gold Brooches with picture complete.

With every dozen of our regular $2.00 Cabinet Enamel Photos we will give a life-size Platinum Bromide Enlargement.

Miniatures in regular Carbon Finish, 75c per dozen.

A beautiful line of fancy pictures framed, unframed and framed to order. All the latest picture novelties. See our

Display Window

in the Brockerhoff Block.

THE MALLORY-TAYLOR STUDIO,
(Studio over Lyon's Store.)
Bellefonte, - - Penn'a.

F. P. Blair & Co. No. 1, S. Allegheny Street. **F. P. Blair & Co.**

Christmas is ahead, but we're Ahead of Christmas.

CALL and see the pretty things already here, the advance guard of the Christmas provision.

LOOKING AROUND involves no obligation to purchase, Although you can "take time by the forelock" and secure the best things while you can. We will hold them until you want them.

F. P. Blair & Co. No. 1, S. Allegheny Street. **F. P. Blair & Co.**

Reduction Extraordinary

20 Per Cent. Reduction

On all kinds of Clothing for .... Men, ... Youths, .. and Children. .

HOLIDAY GOODS are here.

Montgomery & Co., Clothing, Hats, &c., **BELLEFONTE, PA.**

SECHLER & CO., - - - GROCERS.

We are now receiving daily invoices of New Products in our line. We are well prepared to serve all demands for Thanksgiving and Holiday Trade.

Finest Cream Cheese, Sweet New Ham and Bacon.

Prunes are fine this season. We have some good fruit at 5c per lb., and finest goods at 10c, 12c and 15c.

New crop Florida Oranges 30c, 40c and 50c per doz. White Almerine Grapes, finest pink-tinted stock. Domestic Grapes in baskets. Finest Cranberries, Celery, Sweet Potatoes, Lemons, Bananas, Royal Cheese, Large Cheese, Table Raisins, Nuts and Confectionery.

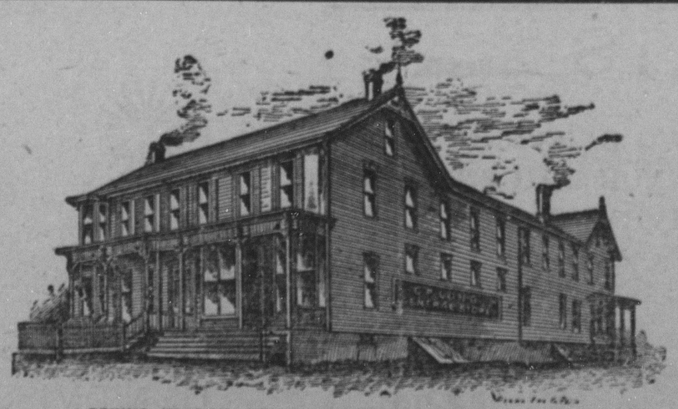
The new pack of Canned Goods are now in store.

MINCE MEAT.—We are now making our Genuine Home Made Mince Meat. All our friends who have used it know just what it is. THE BEST THAT CAN BE MADE, and the price 12 1-2c per pound.

Finest Olives, Table Oil, Pickles, Ketchups, Sauces, Mushroons, Salmon, Lobsters, Sardines and New No. 1 Mackerel.

We can name only a few of the leading items. Come and shop through our stock. You will find goods to supply all your wants.

Sechler & Co., Bush House Block. **Bellefonte, Pa.**



PENN'S VALLEY HEADQUARTERS FOR HOLIDAY GOODS.

You will find at my store a choice selection of Holiday Goods. To enumerate would be useless, but an examination of them by you will be profitable.

CLOTHING.

We have a very complete line of Clothing. The selections are particularly suitable for our particular trade.

Clothing for Men, Youths and Children. | Clothing for a Laborer, King and Priest.

Also a general line of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes.

C. P. LONG, - - - **Spring Mills, Pa.**

Potters' Mills General Merchandise Center is the Bargain Store

We have just received large amounts of
Ginghams, Calicoes, Outings,
Flannels, Shirtings, Linings,
Percales, best grade & weight.

The latest and most complete lines of
Stationery, Men's Overcoats,
Mufflers, Pants and Shirts,
Full line of late style Shoes,

Snag Proof Footwear, etc., etc.

We extend an invitation to all to come and examine our goods before buying. It costs nothing to look, and often saves much money.

F. A. CARSON.

Supper to-night

in the
Grange Arcadia,
From 6 to 9.
Menu:
Oysters, Ice Cream,
New England Pumpkin Pie.

What It Would Make.

It has been truly remarked that the logic of children is excellent, but that they lack experience. The following authentic anecdote, however, comes somewhat under the head of exceptions to that rule. A lady was giving a lesson in "concrete arithmetic" to her little boy.

"Now, supposing I give you a chocolate," she said, "and then another, how many would that make?"

"Two."

"And then supposing I gave you four more, what would that make?"

"It would make me very sick," was the wholly unexpected reply.

Morality.

On what is the whole of morality based? To live nobly and rightly in these five relations of life: Sovereign and subject, parent and child, husband and wife, elder and younger, brother and brother, friend and friend. To each of these belongs appropriate conduct. For a universal love of mankind without distinction of persons gives more to him to whom less is due and less to him to whom more is due.—Confucius' Law of Life.

A signal act of courtesy was the request of Bryan that all pictures of himself be removed from the windows of Lincoln, Neb., prior to the visit of Roosevelt, who spoke in that city Oct. 2. Contrast this with Roosevelt's persistent and undignified villification of Bryan.

Just Like Other Men.

She—Which would you rather marry, the prettiest woman in the world or the homeliest?

He—The prettiest, of course. Why do you ask?

She—Merely to find out if you weren't just like all the other men.—Exchange.

D. A. WILSON, B. B. WILSON. T. G. WILSON, W. GROSS MINGLE.

The Howard Creamery Co.

Highest prices paid
For Milk, Eggs, Poultry.

CORRECT WEIGHT,
CORRECT CALCULATIONS,
CORRECT METHODS.

The Howard Creamery Co.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS.

Ladies' solid gold rings set with opals, rubies and pearls.
Ladies' lorgnette chains.
Men's gold watch chains.
Gold and silver chain bracelets.
Gold and silver brooches.
Silver thimbles.
Ladies' gold pens.
Pearl pen holders.
Silver coat hangers.
Silver hat markers.
Silver toilet sets.
1847 Roger Bros. silver knives, forks and spoons.
Quadruple silver plated hollowware: Cake baskets, pickle casters, tea sets, napkin rings, etc.

Give us a call and examine our goods before buying elsewhere.

The goods are right and the Prices are right.

G. W. BUSHMAN,
JEWELER,
Centre Hall, Pa.

IF YOU are looking for goods at right prices a call at our store will convince you that we are better than ever prepared to supply your every want. Our GROCERY DEPARTMENT is filled with a good, fresh supply of

Dried Fruits, Canned Goods,
Pickles, Catsup, Best Baking and
Table Syrup, Breakfast Cereals,
Pettijohn's Grape Nut, Shredded
Wheat Biscuit, Oat Flake, etc.

We handle Scull's Fresh Roasted and the celebrated CORDOVA **COFFEE.**

CRANBERRIES AND ORANGES FOR THANKSGIVING

FLOUR. Don't forget we carry a large stock of the best brands.

WE CARRY A GENERAL LINE OF

HARDWARE, BUTCHERS' SUPPLIES AND THE BEST LARD CANS.

—OUR LINE OF—

Fall and Winter Underwear, Hats, Caps, Gloves, Mittens and Dry Goods

—IS COMPLETE.—

Come and examine our stock and be convinced.

Meyer & Musser.

Unskilled mechanics blame their tools for doing unmechanical work.

Our tools were never in such hands.

The work turned out of this shop is mechanical in appearance and in reality.

——We are prepared to do——

Repair Work of Every Description.

Parts of machinery which you may think are broken for good, can often be mended and both time and money saved.

Now is the time to have your Buggies and Wagons repaired and repainted . . . . .

New Work of all Kinds Done to Order.

Work is positively guaranteed. Prices very reasonable.

GIVE US A CALL.

W. A. HENNEY.

A SHIP IN A CITY STREET.

San Francisco Has a Warehouse Built on a Stranded Hulk.

The Front street building which rests upon the wreck of a beached ship may be the only one of the sort in New York, but at least in one other city there is a similar structure and locally a better known one, for the reason that the building preserves the name of the ship.

This is in San Francisco, where none may aspire to rank in the pioneer or "forty-niner" class unless he can distinctly remember "when the water came up to Montgomery street," which relatively to the present pier and bulkhead line represents a distance much farther inland than Front street in New York. At the time when Montgomery street had only one side, being in reality the beach, the bay of San Francisco was crowded with all sorts of ships lying idle for the simple reason that all hands and the cook had skipped out for Sutter's Fort and the mines. It was impossible to get the ships discharged. Men would never consent to be stevedores on the beach when they could be millionaires at the mines. That is why many of the cargoes were never broached except when there was need of something to fill up the mudholes on the beach streets. No argonaut would respect himself if he could not tell of the time when he saw the streets along the water front paved with plug tobacco in boxes.

One of this fleet, abandoned and derelict at her anchors, the good ship Niantic, parted her cables in one of the stiff winds for which the Golden Gate is notorious, drifted ashore on the mud flat at the foot of Clay street and found a convenient and sticky berth about a hundred yards offshore on the line of the present Sansome street. The underwriters paid the loss, for at the current rate of wages and the absence of labor it would have cost half a dozen times her worth to get her off, and even then she would be of no use without sailors. Having paid the loss, the underwriters in turn abandoned her and probably felt in luck that they were not called upon by some owner of real estate to take the ship away.

The presence of the ship aided the silting up of the mud flat, and in a short time it was awash only at high tide and finally dry all day long. Then it was recognized that this was a new addition to the front of the city, and some business man took possession of the ship and made it over into a warehouse. The vessel was sound in every timber, spars all standing and sails on the yards, the hold as tight as a drum, and if she did make as much as a foot a month it was only a short trick at the pumps to clear it out. In fact, nothing could have been better for a warehouse and general chandlery. The hold made an excellent cellar, the floor of the second story was supported by the lower masts at the tops, the roof was fixed at the crosstrees, and the royal masts were left standing above the roof, with the signal halyards ready nove, to serve for nagstans.

Gradually the building was altered and patched, and the traces of the original ship disappeared from view, but the name Niantic was a fixture, and people entering the warehouse continued to speak of coming aboard or coming over the side. When the city decided to expand at the expense of the bay and filled in the flats and formed Sansome and Battery and all the other streets which have put the wreck of the Niantic half a mile inland, the filling in buried out of sight the hull and channel plates of the ship, and it ceased to resemble anything that had ever floated. When this first building went into decay and was condemned, the old ship was found to be the soundest part of it all. But it was buried still deeper by the foundations of the large and for that time modern building that took its place. Now there is nothing of the ship left except the name of the building and the old mainmast, which runs up from story to story and is used to support its due share of the weight. Some of the pioneers stoutly aver that the mainmast of the Niantic prophesies the coming of gales upon the bay by the way it creaks for two or three days before the wind comes and that these forecasts are much more to be relied on than the guesses of the weather bureau.—New York Tribune.

S. S. CONVENTION.

At Pine Hall Reformed Church Thursday, Dec. 6, 1900.

MORNING SESSION.

Devotional Services.
Enrollment and Organization.
Discussion—Relation of the Sunday School to the Family. Rev. Chas Aikens and Mr. J. B. Piper.
Adjournment.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Openig Services.
Discussion——Normal Training for Teachers. Revs. Curry, Love, and G. W. Kershner.
Music——By the Choir.
Discussion — Home Department—Its Benefit. Revs. G. W. Leisher and D. E. Hepler.
Topic—The Sunday School in Its Relation to the Work of Benevolence.—Revs. Black and Noble.
Question Box.—Temperance. Rev. D. E. Hepler.
Music and Adjournment.

The late W. D. Richmond, tobacconist, of Williamsport, left all his estate, valued at $50,000, to T. Herbert Riley who has been in his employ seventeen years.

Horse Blankets.

You will find a large assortment of horse blankets and robes at D. A. Boozer's saddler and harness rooms.

O. T. CORMAN,

SPRING MILLS, PA.,

MERCHANT AND WHOLESALE DEALER AND SHIPPER OF PRODUCE, POULTRY, CALVES, ETC., ETC.

Have just received a fresh stock of Choice and Desirable Groceries. Also a line of especially fine Groceries not generally sold in country stores. Mocha and Old Government Java Coffees and Marvin's Evaporated Fruits a specialty. My Notion Department is very complete. Special values in Ladies', Men's and Children's Underwear and Hosiery. The prices will astound you—they are on the verge of destruction. Men's Dress and Overshirts, Sweaters, Pants and Overalls, all thoroughly well-made and the price almost cut in two. I have the greatest bargains in Gloves and Mittens for ladies and gentlemen ever offered. An elegant Mocha Glove for men, reindeer shades and gray, perfect fitting, at about half price and value. A splendid line of Cutlery, Heavy Hardware, Butchers' Supplies, Wood and Willow-ware, Tinware, Harness, Blankets, Horse Goods, etc., in great variety An examination of my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere, I am confident, will give me your trade. I pay as much as market price affords, either in cash or merchandise, especially on Poultry, Calves, Pork, Beef-Hides, Apples, Potatoes, &c.

☞ You may call me by Commercial Telephone or write a postal addressed to me at Spring Mills, Pa., and both will receive prompt attention. We respectfully solicit your patronage. Call and see us. Yours Respectfully,

O. T. Corman.

We Lead, Others Follow.

Our stock of FURNITURE was never so complete as at the pr ent time for HOLIDAY PRESENTS, and consists of

Chamber Suits, of all descriptions, Couches, Rockers, Morris Chairs, Ladies' Writing Desks,

Side Boards, Ward Robes, Cribs, Chiffoniers Large Mirrors, Clocks, Fine Rugs, Etc.

These goods will be sold in the next 30 days at reduced rates.

DON'T MISS SEEING THEM.

☞ Parties who purchase to the amount of $5.00 will get one bo tle of Furniture Polish FREE and toll paid.

JOHN SMITH & BRO., - SPRING MILLS.

WE ARE GLAD

To see that the public is taking advantage of the opportunity which is before them, that is to buy their fall goods at this store. But there are still some customers who have not been in to look our line over. Do not wait too long. Remember the time is here.

Felt Combinations and Lumbermen's Rubbers, with Stockings,

and we have a very good line at prices that will suit you.

Overcoats, Ulsters, Underwear, Horse Blankets, Cotton Blankets, BOYS' Suits, Caps,

all at a very low price, and when you come to our store do not forget to call to see our

MISSES HOODS, CHILDREN'S SOCKS, FASCINATORS, ETC.,

as we have a very nice and cheap line.

We have just called your attention to some of our lines, but when you get here you will see many things you are in need of at this season not mentioned in the above. Come one, come all, to the store

at the **CENTRE HALL STATION.**

J. F. Smith, Prop'r.

OVERCOATS

Why pay two prices for Overcoats when you can save half by buying of us?

Black Cheviot Overcoats $2.50, sold elsewhere at **$5.00**

Grey Oxford, with velvet collars, also Blue and Black Beavers, nicely made and trimmed, at $5.00, a regular $7.50 coat.

Fine Covert Cloth at $6.50, silk lined, real value **$9.00**

Fine Oxford, satin yolk and sleeve lining, one of the finest coats made, strictly all wool and same as tailor-made, would be cheap at $20.00, our price . . . **$13.75**

Fine Kersey, with Italian cloth lining, a nice dressy coat, looks well and wears well. A regular $10 value, our price **$7.50**

Boys' Overcoats, 14 to 18, $3.00, $4.75, $6.50 and $8.00. All unmatchable values.

Children's Overcoats, 4 to 14, $1.50, $2.00, $3.50 and $5. Call and see them before buying.

LIEBERMAN'S CASH CLOTHING HOUSE,

Bush Arcade, High St., BELLEFONTE, PA.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. Nov. 29.

If we could pin a sample of our 15c Dress Goods to this advertisement, the store would not hold one-half the people.

Holiday Goods.

Store packed jammed full.

French Flannels, Serges and Henriettas

For handsome Shirt Waists.

Holiday Opening

Begins this year Dec. 1st. Don't think of buying until you see us.

GARMAN'S,

Bellefonte, Pa.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Coming and Going.—Visitors in and out of Town.

Andrew Crotzer, who is engaged on a saw mill near Milroy, spent Sunday with his family.

If the earth were equally divided among its inhabitants, each person would get about twenty-three and one-half acres.

Howard M. Emerick, son of Henry Emerick, of this place, has secured a position at Trenton, N. J., at the Trenton State Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Floray, of Tusseyville, recently made one of their occasional visits to their daughter, the wife of Rev. Dubbs, at Rebersburg.

John F. Breon, of near Spring Mills, is seriously thinking of leaving the farm and moving to Spring Mills. Mr. Breon has been a successful farmer.

George F. Emerick was a caller Monday, having come to town to market a fine lot of Thanksgiving turkeys, which were sold to the Howard Creamery Company.

The readers of the Reporter will regret to learn that David Krape, of Aaronsburg, is suffering from a paralytic stroke. Owing to his advanced age his condition is serious.

Mrs. R. B. Hartman, of Millheim, who has been visiting relatives in Bloomsburg, stopped in town, says the Mifflinburg Times, being the guest of Charles Harter and family.

Arthur Stuck, son of A. H. Stuck, of Mifflinburg, member of the 41st U. S. V. I., who did service in the Philippines, died in San Francisco. The body was shipped home for burial.

J. F. Emerick, of Farmers Mills, while in town Saturday called at this office. Mr. Emerick is a saddler by trade and is always ready for trade at his establishment at Farmers Mills.

J. H. Price, of Princeton, Illinois, when forwarding advance payment on the Reporter, states "that we could not get along without the Reporter." That is the verdict of many of the readers of this paper.

George W. Atherton, LL. D., President of Pennsylvania State College, was elected a member of the executive committee by the convention of agricultural colleges and experiment stations in session at New Haven, Connecticut.

Harry Potter, of near Centre Hall, and Earl Gingerich, of Linden Hall, who are attending Lebanon Business College, were laid up with the measles last week. The disease seems to have a run at that school, but that doesn't say that Lebanon Business College is a "measly" institution.

Miss Helen Bartholomew, of this place, has been selected pianist for the County teachers' institute. Miss Bartholomew, besides being an excellent musician is a success in the school room. She is a graduate of Millersville Normal and has shown herself especially well equipped for teaching.

Insurance agent Grant Hoover, of Bellefonte, made a trip through Penns Valley on insurance business, and while in Centre Hall spent a half hour in the Reporter office. Mr. Hoover has built up a splendid insurance business in the county. Every school child knows that Grant Hoover is in the insurance business because he knows enough to advertise.

The Gazette, York, Pa., gives an excellent portrait of Daniel W. Poorman who was elected poor director of York by the Democratic party. Mr. Poorman is a step-son of Dr. John Riter, of this place. Eleven years ago he went to York and engaged with the Martin Carriage Company, and today is regarded one of the most experienced carriage builders in that city. The Gazette speaks of Mr. Poorman in the highest terms.

$87,000,000 for New Navy.

Secretary Long will ask for an appropriation of $87,172,630.76 for the navy for the year 1902, an increase of $31,183,531.41 over 1901. His estimates made public to-day call for appropriations and increases in part as follows:

Pay for the navy, appropriations, $15,125,684; increase, $2,314,787.

Construction, appropriations, $21,-772,916; increase, $9,032,218.

Public works, yards and docks, appropriations, $12,302,540; increase, $8,-735,660.

Public works, naval academy, appropriations, $3,000,000; increase, $2,650,-000.

Bureau of supplies and accounts, appropriations, $4,843, 849. increase, $2,-112, 617.

Bureau of construction and repairs, appropriations, $8,080,824; increase, $1,-840,000.

"I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and find it to be a great medicine," says Mr. E. S. Phipps, of Poteau, Ark. "It cured me of bloody flux. I cannot speak too highly of it." This remedy always wins the good opinion, if not praise, of those who use it. The quick cures which it effects even in the most severe cases make it a favorite everywhere. For sale by Mrs. J. H. Keller, Linden Hall, and J. F. Smith, Centre Hall.

LINDEN HALL.

John Long, of Pleasant Gap, was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Ida McClellan on Green Bank Avenue, Sunday last.

C. E. Zeigler and John Raymond, of this place, are spending this week in Bellefonte as jurors.

John Lee, of Colyer, while assisting his son-in-law to butcher on Thursday of last week, had the misfortune to cut his hand with a knife. It was not considered anything more than a flesh wound at the time, but blood poison set in and he is unable to use his hand.

Mrs. Maggie Jones, son and daughter-in-law, of Tylertown, Clearfield county, attended the funeral of Mrs. Jones' sister, Mrs. James Searson, which took place Wednesday of last week.

Last Sunday the United Evangelical Sunday school at this place, elected their officers for the year 1901, they are as follows: Superintendent, A. E. Zeigler; assistant superintendent, L. Gingerich; secretary, S. Lizzie Gettig; treasurer, Mrs. S. Zong; librarians, Edward Zong and John Gettig.

SPRING MILLS.

The groom came back, but no bride.

Some think they know a good thing when they taste it; Harry did you ever get left?

Robert Smith and D. H. Ruhl will have the heavy weight porkers this year.

Liveryman Mowery is kept quite busy in driving agents out.

Mrs. Mary Crape and son spent Saturday and Sunday with her son John, at Aaronsburg.

The entertainment to be given by Miss Barber, of Lewisburg, last Saturday evening in the Presbyterian church, was postponed on account of bad weather.

Squire Grove and wife were in town; while Mrs. was shopping the 'Squire was attending to some legal business.

Rain all day Saturday and Sunday, which was welcomed by many on account of low water in the wells.

R. G. Kennelly had the luck to fire two loads of shot at a fine wild turkey, but it did not strike a vital spot; the turkeys went on.

Wilson Haines was seen in town, looking after some furniture.

Talk about good roads, and Gregg township is "not in it." There is not another township in Penn's Valley that has as poor roads as Gregg township; with more and better material to build roads with than most townships, we are a "back number" in that respect. Awake from your slumbers, supervisors; get abreast with your sister townships; buy a stone crusher, do not wait till Gabriel blows his trumpet.

Samuel Ertle, in Georges Valley, has erected one of the finest and best barns in the valley; the boards were planed ready for a coat of paint.

J. I. Condo, the up-to-date carpet weaver, sprained his back, which keeps him from doing much work.

Sheriff Brungart was in town last week on business.

Andrew Dunlap, the fashionable barber and hair dresser, expects to move his shop to a more central part of the town in the spring.

Monday quite a number of our people went a courting to the county seat.

James McCool is looking after a farm near Rebersburg; if it suits him he will buy.

The late rains have raised the water in the creeks, which was much needed.

Rev. J. M. Rearick is conducting a protracted meeting in the Cross church at Georges Valley.

Some of our young bloods are going about town with revolvers in their pockets; keep it up boys, you are being looked after, and it will not be so pleasant if you are dealt with according to law.

The foot bridge across Penn's creek, near the postoffice should be looked after; it is in bad shape and there may be some broken limbs.

INGLEBY ITEMS.

The late rains raised the water in the wells considerable.

If you want stocks put on your guns take them to H. Kreamer, he will do them up in first-class order, for he knows just how to do it.

The real estate agent is getting out a car of mining plank; he will then go to Somerset county to drive team.

T. O. Keen, the Ingleby walking boss, is going to build an addition to his saw mill, in order to make room to store slabs.

AARONSBURG.

Herb Condo, who last spring moved to Cambria county, moved back to town again last week. In the early fall he moved as far as Bellefonte, where he found employment for a time and when that failed he came on home.

'Squire Rote had a young berkshire porker killed last week that dressed 383 pounds. There is no finer breed for lean meat than berkshires, besides they are very light boned.

Frank Dutweiler sold his live stock and farming machinery to his son-in-law, Mr. Winkelblech, who will take charge of things in the spring, while Mr. Dutweiler will engage in other business.

Ira Gramley is still working for Wm. Bair in Rebersburg, and may keep up their butchering all winter if they find it pays.

Luther Bower moves in with Mrs. Rote in the spring, when Elmer Limbert moves out. Luther expects to buy another horse and some cows and young cattle.

MILLHEIM.

Messrs Ed. Brown and Joe Reifsnyder paid a visit to Lock Haven.

Some of the girls are wearing engagement rings, with guards to hold them on.

Robert Smith, late of Philadelphia, has accepted a position in the hosiery mill.

The Knights of the Golden Eagle had a banquet Tuesday, November 20th. There was a pleasant time for all who attended.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Condo spent Tuesday on a drive, calling on friends through the valley.

Thomas Ulrich, the barber at Lock Haven, is visiting at the home of his parents.

Miss Helen Womelsdorf, of Bellefonte, spent a few days visiting Mrs. John P. Condo.

John P. Condo made a business trip to the county seat Monday.

A party of hunters were sidetracked in town Monday on account of the rain.

Our good Christian people have been praying for rain for the past three weeks, but few turned out on Sunday night, to thank the Lord for giving them what they asked for.

The long looked for arc light for the diamond is slowly heaving in sight; it is about at Pittsburg.

W. J. Harrison is confined to his home, suffering from a bad cold.

From the looks of the busses that left here Monday, there seemed to be a general exodus to Bellefonte.

Look before you leap, would be a good motto for some of our young people to memorize.

There is a crowd of young men in town who seem to delight in making it hot for any one who comes here from the neighboring town. Boys, stop it, it is not gentlemanly.

A hunting party consisting of Charley Morris, Geo. Springer, of Millheim, Messrs. Lenker, Hoffman and others, from Millersburg, will spend two weeks in the Seven Mountains; Jesse King is chief cook.

Miss Dell Reichard has returned to spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. E. Mauck, after spending the last two months at her home at Shamokin. She don't look as though the strike at Shamokin affected her any.

There is considerable rivalry here as to who has the largest hogs, but so far the palm has been taken by James Stover; one weighed 700, another 640 pounds. Who can beat that?

Do you Want To Die?

If you dont,

then insure your life this winter by buying good, warm, well made shoes such as we sell, that keep the feet dry and also wear well. They are famous Walkovers, worth their weight in gold for the doctor's bills they save. Try them when in need.

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Cloves and Mittens

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85 cents buys $1.00 woolen shirts and drawers.

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Give us a call.

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All kinds of nails, Wire Fence material, etc., always on hand.

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will find that we carry all hardware needed in the construction of modern dwellings. Come and get estimates.

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Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells.

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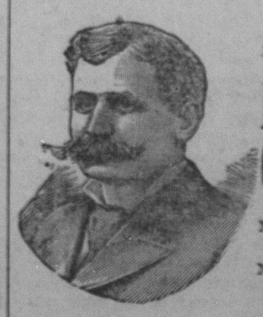

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SOUL OF LIFE IN LOVE.

The world is as a sterile cliff:
  But love is like the dew
That falls upon it, and the moss
  Like life springs from the two.
It creepeth o'er the barren stone
Till all the place be verdant grown.

The world is as a blasted oak,
  But love is like the vine
That trails it o'er; its sunlit leaves
  Like life the two entwine.
The trunk is green that erst was bare
And blossoms kiss it everywhere.

The world is as a clouded sea,
  But love is like the sun
That steals along the murky ways
  And brightens every one.
O'er gloom is golden glory flung.
And sunbeams sport the waves
  among.

—Charles Eugene Banks, in Rockford (Ill.) Register-Gazette.

The Coffin Maker of Lima.

A TRUE STORY, SHOWING THERE IS ROMANCE EVEN IN UNDERTAKING.

"Down with the Gutierrez! Dios y Libertad! Down with the Gutierrez rascals! Viva Fulano y Tal!"

Thus roared the mob—at least the larger half of it—from one side the Plaza Mayor. From the other came the answering yell:

"Down with Fulano y Tal! For God and Liberty! Vivan los Gutierrez!"

Then they fell upon one another. They fired leaden pellets into each other's hides—for the love of liberty. They jabbed bayonets into each other's bodies—for the love of God. And with musket-butts they dashed out each other's foolish brains—for the love of Gutierrez, Fulano y Tal. And presently there were more of the Fulano y Tal men than there were of the faction of Gutierrez, and these, being of a sudden convinced that God was on the side of the larger mob, determined to look out for their own liberty. So they incontinently took to their heels.

Then there was a great shout. The remaining moiety of the mob hurled their greasy caps into the air. The "Generalissimo of the Patriotic Forces," as he called himself, Don Fulano y Tal, tossed into the air his plumed shako. The mob roared approval. The Generalissimo Fulano y Tal then seized his greasiest private, fell upon his neck, called him "brother-in-arms," and kissed him. The mob melted into tears. Each man seized his neighbor and imprinted malodorous kisses upon his lips. When they had recovered breath—some little time after—they roared again:

"Dios y Libertad! Long live Fulano y Tal, the saviour of his country!"

The generalissimo raised his glittering sword: "Now, my brothers," said he, "there is still work to do. We must storm the governmental palace —"

"Aye!"

"We must hang Gutierrez!"

"Aye!"

"And we must seize the mint!"

Like a mighty wave the mob swept out of the Plaza Mayor, carrying their leader before them like a cork.

In a little while the public buildings were in their hands. In a little while longer Gutierrez was killed, his body carefully mangled, and then drawn by a rope to the top of the highest steeple of the grand cathedral. Then the bells rang forth a paean, the priests chanted a Te Deum. For was not the country free? and was not Fulano y Tal proclaimed president? Of a surety, yes.

And then the shop-keepers took their shutters down.

Ah, bah! Commerce is not patriotic.

On the Plaza Mayor the next morning there were many bodies. They had been patriots, doubtless, but they had got on the wrong side. Therefore they were carrion, and to be cordially despised of all good Fulano men.

But they looked unpleasant. Their glazed eyes stared at you with a disagreeably fixity. The lips of their gaping wounds had a dumb eloquence which worked upon the feelings. The mob had gathered to despoil them; it ended by pitying them.

"Ah, Dios!" said a woman, "why not bury them, too, as well as our own of last night?"

"True, true," said the mob, "an excellent idea. We will bury them."

Herr von Grelk uttered his first word since the revolution began: "Aye, aye, neighbors," said he, "'tis the Christian thing to do. Por el amor de Dios, let us bury them!"

Herr von Grelk was a coffin-maker.

It is needless to say that he was a German. He was an undertaker, and a thriving one. And he had many coffins always ready. For in the pleasant Spanish-American countries to the south of us there is often need of coffins. And of many coffins. And of coffins about the fit of which there is little heed. For, look you, there are many things which cause sudden death. Earthquakes, sun-strokes, highwaymen. And once in a while a patriot liberates the country. And then there is need of many coffins.

So Herr von Grelk advocated the burying of the unpleasant corpses.

The mob approved of Herr von Grelk, and called him "brother." And Herr von Grelk winced, but said nothing. For they were good customers. So the mob carried out coffins. And it carried out more coffins. And when a patriot could not be squeezed into his coffin, they would come and get a longer one. And in a short time Herr von Grelk had no more coffins.

Then he spoke. "My brothers," said he, "we have done a Christian thing—"

"True," assented the mob.

"We have decently interred our enemy. Now, who is to pay?"

"Pay!" The mob was amused—mobs have a keen sense of humor. "Pay! Que hombre! Is not Herr von Grelk a patriot?"

Herr von Grelk admitted that he was.

"Did Herr von Grelk wish to occupy one of his own coffins?"

Herr von Grelk could think of nothing more unnecessary to his happiness.

The mob was grimly humorous: "If the Senor von Grelk should change his mind at any time, they would be happy—"

The Senor von Grelk never changed his mind. He had but jested when he spoke of pay.

In that case they would kiss the hands of the senor—nay, more: "a los pies de usted, senor."

The mob retired, shouting with laughter. And Herr von Grelk put up his shutters.

* * * * * *

For many weary months did the coffin-maker prefer his claims against the government. And the longer he waited the larger they grew. And finally the bill for the coffins was some fifty thousand dollars: But there were other claims, and more pressing ones, and when the hapless Von Grelk succeeded in getting a hearing, he was always listened to gravely until he reached the description of the lost articles.

"Que! Cajas mortuorias! Coffins!" and from ministers to legislators he would be received with a roar.

But all things have an end. At last Herr von Grelk succeeded in getting an award from the government for his losses. After weary waiting he was to be rewarded. His claims had been passed upon, and the next day he was to finger the money. Lucky Von Grelk!

But who can tell what a day may bring forth? A new patriot had arisen in the land—General Cualquiera. The tyranny of President Fulano y Tal could no longer be endured. There was a new uprising, and the country was once more free.

When Herr von Grelk went for his money he was received by a bland and smiling clerk, who spoke him fair, yet gave him nothing.

"But the country owes the money," said Von Grelk. "How could I tell there would be a new government the next day?"

"True," assented the polite clerk, "quien ha visto manana?"

Ah, who indeed? The morrow is ever invisible.

* * * * * *

Well, on this particular, morrow there was an imposing funeral. General Cualquiera, being a man of what his followers considered disgraceful humanity, had forbidden that anything more than killing should be done to Fulano y Tal. Through this womanish concession, there was enough left of him to bury, and the general was graciously pleased to permit Donna Fulano y Tal to bury him publicly. So there was an imposing hearse, with nodding plumes, and within it a gilded coffin.

Suddenly there was a disturbance on the edge of the crowd. A wild-eyed old man was pushing his way toward the hearse. He gripped the horses by the heads.

"Stop!" he shouted to the driver; "stop, I say! La caja—es la mia! It is mine, I say. The coffin is mine!"

Some soldiers advanced and seized him. But he struggled desperately.

"Ladrones!" he shouted; "you are thieves, I say! It is mine—the coffin is mine, and you would rob me!"

They had to bind him, so fierce was he; and as they bore him away, shrieking, cursing, foaming at the mouth, the mob gravely shook its noddle, and muttered:

"Esta loco."

The mob was right. Herr von Grelk was mad.

* * * * * *

A stately ship of war is entering Callao bay. It is the Prinz Adalbert, and aboard of her is Henry, son of the Emperor of Germany. On the mole stands Herr von Grelk.

"Now," he muttered to himself, "I will show these Spanish scoundrels what it is to be a German. I will appeal to my prince, and he will give me justice, if he has to bombard the port."

Scarcely had the ship anchored when a boat was at her side. In it was an old man, who demanded to see the prince. He had wrongs to right, he said, and he was quickly shown to the cabin. Had he been an American in a similar plight, he might have cooled his heels awhile.

The prince listened attentively to the old man. He had been despoiled in a revolution, he said; his shop gutted; his business destroyed; and he wanted reparation. If it were refused, he would insist upon the ship's bombarding the city. The prince repressed a smile.

"And what was your business?" said he.

"I was a coffinmaker, your highness."

"And the goods of which you were despoiled were—"

"Coffins."

For the life of him the prince could not help smiling. When loyalty smiles courtiers laugh. The officers in the cabin laughed. And when the prince joined them they roared.

For a moment the old man's eyes flashed angrily, as if he would protest. But only for a moment. His long-deferred hope had made his heart sick. He started to go, staggered, and fell upon a seat. His head drooped upon his breast. The prince bade them raise him, but it was useless. Madness, grief, and disappointment had killed him.

They buried him in the ocean, with a round-shot at his feet, and the man of many coffins had only a canvas one. —San Francisco Argonaut.

THE DRAGON FLY.

One of the Gamest Fighters of the Insect World.

"Do you know that the dragon fly is one of the gamest fighters alive?" said a young railroad man, who has just returned from a week's sojourn at a fishing club across the lake. "Every evening, out at our place, we have been having great sport watching pitched battles between big brown 'mosquito hawks,' as the natives call them, and a smaller insect of the same species, that can be distinguished by its unusualy large head and long, tapering, dark blue wings. For some mysterious reason there seems to be a deadly feud between the two tribes, and a meeting is always a signal for mortal combat. Before dusk deepens, when they are still easily discernible against the sky, it is very interesting to see a couple of these little gladiators get down to business. As soon as they can catch sight of one another they charge, full tilt, the object of each fighter being apparently to land on the back of the enemy, right behind the head. If a dragon fly succeeds in seizing its antagonist at that spot, it is all over with the victim. They flutter slowly together to earth, and the under fly is always left dead where he falls. As nearly as I am able to discover, the victor nips him through the neck with his powerful mandibles. The most exciting part of the fights, however, is when they miss the first plunge. It is wonderful, then, to see how they will charge and countercharge, and maneuver to and fro in lightning circles, without leaving a space that could be almost covered with the brim of a straw hat. You must witness one of these battles royal to get any idea of their ferocity and swiftness. As a general thing, the little blue fellows were the conquerors, and sometimes there would be as many as 25 or 30 encounters in the space of an hour. I never before had occasion to examine a dragon fly closely, and I was astonished to see what beautiful pieces of living mechanism they really are. Both species that frequented our neighborhood have four wings, one pair directly behind the other, and their entire contour is remarkable for its slender elegance. The wings are semi-transparent, and are traversed by tiny, irregular ribs, like a stained glass window. The bodies of the blue flies are deep, mottled purple, with buff heads, and the brown winged fellows are otherwise a velvety black, with a yellow spot between the eyes. They are the swiftest and handsomest creatures that inhabit our Southern air, and, by the way, their reputation as mosquito hunters has not been in the least overdrawn. They kept our vicinity free from the pests, which we frequently saw them pursue and devour."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE SMALLEST DOLL IN THE WORLD

The small girls of Vienna have gone quite mad over a doll show, which has been attracting throngs of visitors. The latest addition to this interesting collection is the smallest doll in the world. It is less than the third of an inch in size, and in spite of its smallness every limb is movable. This tiny doll is a hundred years old, is enclosed in a glass case, and placed among the most interesting exhibits. On a long table stretching the length of an annex 3,800 toy soldiers are placed. These small but perfect warriors represent detachments of all the great armies of the world, and are clad in their appropriate uniforms. Cavalry, infantry and artillery, wearing the English, French, Spanish, German, Russian, Italian and even Chinese uniforms, are here mobilized and placed in battle array to the delight of the boyish visitors.

A COINCIDENCE.

Believers in psychical phenomena may find something to marvel at in this story told of a member of the City Imperial Volunteers and his sweetheart's ring, the bonafides of which is authenticated. Before going to the front, the young warrior presented to his affianced a handsome engagement ring. One day she broke the circlet. Of course she was sorry, but attached no importance to the event until, a little time since, she ascertained that her lover had died in South Africa on the very day and about the same hour on which the love-token was shattered.—London Telegraph.

WHEN WOMEN GET A TELEGRAM.

The most pleasure a woman gets out of getting a telegram she gets from imagining all the things before she opens it that she knows aren't in it.—New York Press.

On a parade ground at Calcutta, India, are several adjutant birds. These creatures walk up and down the grounds, and they look so much like soldiers that at a distance strangers often mistake them for such.

AN INDIAN GIRL'S FORTUNE

CATTLEMAN LEFT HER A MILLION IN THANKS FOR TIMELY WARNING.

The Pretty Kiowa Girl Also to Be Educated—Fortune Now in the Vaults of a Safe Deposit Company in New York City.

Annie Truehart Dillion, a pretty Kiowa girl about 14 years old, daughter of Black Wolf, a noted chief of his tribe, is sole heiress to an entire fortune of $1,000,000 and more left by John Dillion, a rich cattleman who, about seven years ago was saved from death at the hands of a half-breed assassin by this little girl, says the Denver Times.

Dillion was born and raised in Ireland, and when he came to America he went to Texas and worked on a ranch in that state as a laborer and cowboy. By careful management he became rich. From his cattle ranch on the Rio Grande he shipped every year large herds of cattle to the Indian Territory to fatten upon the fine pasture lands of that favored region during the spring and summer. He had been in this business so long that he was pretty well acquainted with nearly all of the Kiowa chiefs and various members of the nation, and from the fact that he had always dealt fairly with his red brothers he was popular. He leased vast acres of pasture lands every year, and he was always prompt in the payment of the rents.

Seven years ago the old Texan had in his employ a half-breed Cherokee, Bill Hawk. The Texan one day had decided to go out to a pasture about ten miles from Chickasha, where he had a fine herd of cattle that were being looked after by some of his favorite Texan cowboys, and he asked Hawk to hitch up a buggy and go with him. The road to the pasture passed through a small Indian village, where Dillion had many acquaintances. When the old man reached the place several Indians and half-breeds gathered about the buggy and begged him to stay over night.

"You are just in time," said his friend, Black Wolf. "We are going to have a dance tonight." This information pleased the rich Texan, and he at once got out of his buggy.

Late in the night the old Texan felt something pulling at his arms, and when he opened his eyes he found that a little Indian girl was trying to waken him. As soon as the child saw that his eyes were open she whispered:

"Dillion, now you go putty quick. Hawk heap bad man. Putty soon he come. He got big knife—kill white man—take hoss—take heap money. Me hear him talk. Him heap drunk. You go now."

The child ran away and Dillion slipped from under his blankets and rolled them together. After placing his hat at one end of the roll and his boots at the other he crawled away a short distance and lay down under a tree to watch for future developments. He did not wait long before he saw a man cautiously approach the pile of blankets. The drunken assassin was deceived by the hat and boots. He thought his victim was at his mercy, and he drew a big knife from his belt and drove it into the roll of blankets with all his strength. The next instant Hawk sprang into the air with a wild yell and fell dead across the blankets with a bullet in his heart. Dillion had killed him.

The old Texan never afterward was the same man. He continued to attend to his business and make money, but it was easy to see that there was a cloud on his mind. He became devotedly attached to the Indian girl who had saved his life, and he finally got the chief's consent to let him educate her and make her his heir. She was to be given to him when she became 14 years old, but he died a short time ago, and now the girl's future and fortune are in the hands of important persons.

John Rogers, of Presidio, who was in the millionaire's employ for nearly a quarter of a century, is the executor of his will, and he says that the Indian girl will inherit a fortune of $1,000,000 in cash that is with a safe deposit company in New York, and besides this, when she is of legal age or when she marries she will come into possession of a fine ranch on the Rio Grande, that is stocked with cattle and one of the prettiest haciendas in Old Mexico.

The bishop of Monterey will be the girl's guardian, and he will superintend her education. He has selected an accomplished young woman of San Antonio to be the girl's companion. She will take her benefactor's name. He gave to her the additional name of Trueheart, which seems to please her and her parents.

TWO KINDS OF MONEY.

A distinction is sometimes drawn between two kinds of memory. There is what is called a carrying memory, such as is exercised by the conductor on a train. He remembers the faces on a particular train, while attending to tickets, and then straightway forgets; and so on with each train in his charge. Certain children are said to exercise a carrying memory with their lessons—remembering them just long enough to carry them from the house to the teacher, and forgetting them after recitation. The other kind of memory is the kind that does not forget.—Washington Post.

FATE OF A CHINAMAN.

Condemned to Death, but Not Executed, He Finally Kills Himself.

And while we're talking of men killing themselves—nice topic, isn't it?—here's a story told me by a man lately returned from San Francisco. It's a true story, too:

In San Francisco there's a Chinese secret society, the laws of which are as strict and unchanging as those of the Medes and Persians. One of the members of this society told some of its secrets—an offense punishable by death. He was to be tried in the usual way before a tribunal of the society.

The night of the ordeal was fixed. The culprit was represented by able counsel, but the sentence was death—as was expected. An executioner was called from an adjoining room. He was a strapping big Chinaman and wore one of those hideous wooden masks that art critics think so beautiful. He carried a double-edged sword fully five feet long. To test the edge he folded a newspaper in eight parts, and the knife went through those eight thicknesses of paper as if it were a bit of butter in summer time.

The culprit was put upon his knees, and another Chinaman, also on his knees, faced him and caught the traitor by the queue. He drew the culprit's neck toward him, the smock was pulled over his shoulders, and with one mighty swing, the double-edged sword descended. Like a flash it clove the air and then—stopped. A fractional part of an inch separated the sword from the victim's neck. Very, very gently the executioner brought the weapon down until it just touched the traitor's neck. Then, as it is a crime to kill a man in San Francisco, he stopped. He brought the sword to his side again, turned to the judges and said:

"The culprit is dead."

The newly executed got to his feet and said something to the judge. The judge did not heed—for the culprit was dead. He tried to speak to the Chinamen, who were hurrying from the hall. But he spoke to deaf ears. To all intents and purposes he was a dead man.

He made his way into the street and the first thing that caught his eye was a huge poster proclaiming to all Chinatown that he had been executed that evening. No one would speak to him, no one would look at him—he was a dead man—just as dead as if the executioner's sword had in reality descended.

For a whole week that man wandered about Chinatown, the posters proclaiming his execution staring him in the face at every turn. Not a crust of bread could he beg—not a mouthful of water. His people knew him as dead—he was past, gone, buried.

And so one day he wandered up into the American portion of San Francisco and stole a revolver from a messenger boy, who was showing it to some companions. Then he ran down into Chinatown, sat down on the pavement beneath one of his own death notices and blew the addled brains out of his poor Chinese head.—Philadelphia Press.

SMOKE NUISANCE IS CENTURIES OLD

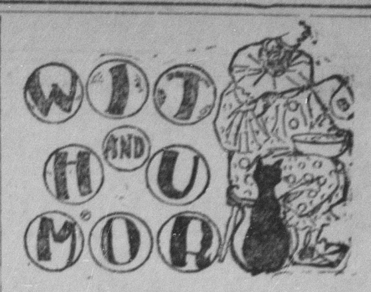
How to abate the smoke nuisance is a problem which has been before the public for centuries. Cassier's Magazine, in an article on the subject, says that while substantial progress has been made, the exploits of cranks and half-informed people have tended to retard a perfect solution of the question. William H. Bryan, who writes the article, gives his ideas for a rational solution of the problem. Regarding the antiquity of the question, he says: "The emission of smoke, often densely black, has accompanied the use of soft or bituminous coal from the earliest times. It was, from the first, acknowledged to be a public nuisance, and has long been the object of repressive legislation. Its harmful effect on vegetation was noted centuries ago, and it was believed even to be poisonous to the human system. To such proportions had this nuisance grown in the reign of King Edward I. that the people of London petitioned that the use of "sea" coal be prohibited. A law to this effect was accordingly enacted, with the extreme penalty of death. Such a measure was, however, too radical, and it became necessary to modify the law; but the agitation of the subject has continued to this day.

LETTERS OF CELEBRITIES.

The British Museum, in its manuscript department, has an unrivalled collection of letters of celebrities, and by far the most valuable one in existence. In 1895 they commenced publishing a series of specimens of the handwritings of royal, historical, literary and other eminent persons. The first installment gave fac simile copies of letters of Queen Catherine of Aragon to Henry VIII., of Queen Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, the great Duke of Mariborough, George III., Lord Chatham, George Washington, Nelson, Wellington, General Gordon, Dryden, Addison, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats, Dickens and Carlyle.—Tit-Bits.

CHEATING SELF BY POOR WORK.

It is not a question of cheating an employer; it is a question of cheating yourself when you do poor work. The employer is not injured half as much as you are by half-done work. It may be a loss of a few dollars to him, but to you it is loss of character and self-respect, loss of manhood or womanhood.—Success.



The Unattainable.

A man might study all his life
O'er dusty tomes with wisdom rife;
Becoming heavy eyed and gray
Through getting knowledge day by day,
He still would labor all in vain
One useful bit of lore to gain;
To learn, by reason or by rote,
Just when to wear his overcoat.
—Washington Star.

Quite Essential.

Madge—I think I'll get measured for a Rainy Day Skirt.

Marjorie—Don't you think, my dear, you would better get measured to see if you'd look all right in one?—Puck.

Evidence of It.

"Why do you say he is a man of impatience, fortitude and endurance?"

"Because he has endured his own society all these years."—Chicago Post.

Nice Little Dicky.

"Dicky, did you go up and tell pa that Mr. and Mrs. Jones were here?"

"Yes, ma; he said he guessed he'd have to come down, but he didn't want to."—Indianapolis Journal.

Paid and Collectable.

"There are only two kinds of style to put on, after all."

"What are they?"

"Well, the kind you put on with money you own, and the kind you put on with money you owe."—Puck.

Unnecessary Advice.

She—John, dear, that recipe for lemon pie in my new cook book says to sit on a hot stove and stir constantly.

He—Well, Penelope, if you do sit on a hot stove I think you will find that you have to stir constantly.—Indiana Weekly.

A Sign of Activity.

Mrs. Strongmind—Oh, she's a nice woman, but I don't consider her very active or energetic.

Mrs. Uptodate—No?

Mrs. Strongmind—Why, no. She isn't engaged in more than four or five different crusades.—Brooklyn Life.

It Didn't Pay.

Baggs—Going to get your accident policy renewed?

Little—Not on your life. The company's a fraud. I supposed that an accident went with every policy, but instead of that I haven't so much as scratched my finger the whole year.—Boston Transcript.

To Fit the Work.

"What kind of music," asked the leader of the mandolin orchestra, "do you think your wife will want?"

"Well," said the man who had called, "it's a sewing society of some kind that's to meet at the house. I guess any kind of rag-time would be appropriate."—Chicago Tribune.

Brevity.

"Why is brevity considered the soul of wit?" asked the man who asks foolish questions.

"Because," answered the man who makes foolish answers, "when a man is short he is much more likely to be acute. Nothing stimulates mental activity like needing the money."

Woke Him Up.

Wife (midnight)—Ooo! Woo! Wake up! There's a man trying to get in.

Husband (sleepily)—Nonsense! Go to sleep.

Wife (as a last resort)—Maybe he's got a bill?

Husband—Whoop! Where's my gun?—New York Weekly.

Considerate Girl.

"Well, Miss Homewood gave young Mr. Brushton the cold shoulder at the euchre party last night," said Mr. Beechwood.

"That was considerate of her," commented Mr. Wilkinsburg.

"Eh?"

"The rooms were so frightfully warm, you know."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Another Victim.

Angeline (tenderly)—Listen, Claude! Youse are my affinity! I feel it in my very soul!

Claude—Hully Gee! Wot's an affinity?

Angeline (fervently)—An affinity, Claude! O Claude! An affinity is a guy wot has got ten cents and is willing ter blow it!—Puck.

Lucky Bird.

"Don't you feel sorry for a bird in a gilded cage?" inquired the sentimentalist.

"No, I don't," answered the short-haired man. "A bird in a gilded cage is about the only creature in the animal kingdom that gets its rent, heat, light, food and janitor service without its costing a cent of money or a stroke of work."—Washington Star.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: Spirit of Unrest — It is the Cause of Much Unhappiness—Need of the Church and the World is More Stability—Stop Gadding About.

[Copyright 1900.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—From an unusual text Dr. Talmage in this discourse rebukes the spirit of unrest which characterizes so many people, and shows them the happiness and usefulness to be found in stability; text, Jeremiah ii, 36, "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?"

Homely is the illustration by which this prophet of tears deplores the vacillation of the nation to whom he wrote. Now they wanted alliance with Egypt and now with Assyria and now with Babylon, and now they did not know what they wanted, and the behavior of the nation reminded the prophet of a man or woman who, not satisfied with home life, goes from place to place gadding about, as we say, never settled anywhere or in anything, and he cries out to them, "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?"

Well, the world has now as many gadabouts as it had, in Bible times, and I think that that race of people is more numerous now than it ever was—gadabouts among occupations, among religious theories, among churches, among neighborhoods—and one of the greatest wants of the church and the world is more steadfastness and more fixedness of purpose.

It was no small question that Pharaoh put to Jacob and his sons when he asked, "What is your occupation?" Getting into the right occupation not only decides your temporal welfare, but may decide your eternal destiny. The reason so many men and women are dead failures is because instead of asking God what they ought to be or do they, through some vain ambition or whimsicality, decide what they ought to be. Let me say to all young men and young women in homes or in school or college, do not go gadding about among occupations and professions to find what you are fitted for, but make humble and direct appeal to God for direction.

While seeking divine guidance in your selection of a lifetime sphere examine your own temperament. The phrenologist will tell you your mental proclivities. The physiologist will tell you your physical temperament. Your enemies will tell you your weaknesses. If you are, as we say, nervous, do not become a surgeon. If you are cowardly, do not become an engineer. If you are hoping for a large and permanent income, do not seek a government position. If you are naturally quick tempered, do not become a minister of the gospel, for while any one is disadvantaged by ungovernable disposition there is hardly any one who enacts such an incongruous part as a mad minister. Can you make a fine sketch of a ship or rock or house or face? Be an artist. Do you find yourself humming cadences, and do the treble clef and the musical bars drop from your pen easily, and can you make a tune that charms those who hear it? Be a musician. Are you born with a fondness for argument? Be an attorney. Are you naturally a good nurse and especially interested in the relief of pain? Be a physician. Are you interested in all questions of traffic and in bargain making, are you apt to be successful on a small or large scale? Be a merchant. Do you prefer country life, and do you like the plow, and do you hear music in the hustle of a harvest field? Be a farmer. Are you fond of machinery, and are turning wheels to you a fascination, and can you follow with absorbing interest a new kind of thrashing machine hour after hour? Be a mechanic. If you enjoy analyzing the natural elements and a laboratory could entertain you all day and all night, be a chemist. If you are inquisitive about other worlds and interested in all instruments that would bring them nearer for inspection, be an astronomer. If the grass under your feet and the foliage over your head and the flowers which shake their incense on the summer air are to you the belles lettres of the field, be a botanist.

If you have no one faculty dominant and nothing in your make up seems to point to this or that occupation, shut yourself up in your own room, get down on your knees and reverently ask God what He made you for and tell Him that you are willing to do anything He wishes you to do. Before you leave that room you will find out. For the sake of your usefulness and happiness and your temporal and eternal welfare do not join that crowd of people who go gadding about among businesses and occupations, now trying this and now trying that and never accomplishing anything.

There are many who exhibit this frailty in matters of religion. They are not sure about anything that pertains to their soul or their eternal destiny. Now they are Unitarians, and now they are Universalists, and now they are Presbyterians, and now they are nothing at all. They are not quite sure that the Bible was inspired or if inspired whether the words or the ideas were inspired or whether only part of the book was inspired. They think at one time that the story in Genesis about the garden of Eden is a history, and the month after they think it is an allegory. At one time they think the book of Job describes what really occurred, but the next time they speak of it they call it a drama. Now they believe all the miracles, but at your next interview they try to show how these scenes had nothing in them supernatural, but can be accounted for by natural causes. Gadding about among religious theories and never satisfied. All the evidence is put before them, and why do they not render a verdict? If they cannot make up their mind with all the data put before them, they never will. There are all the archaeological confirmations of the Bible brought to view by the "Palestine Exploration Society." There are the bricks of Babylon, the letter "N" impressed upon them—"N" for Nebuchadnezzar, showing that he was not a myth—and the farther the shovel of the antiquarian goes down the more is revealed of that most wonderful city of all time. Professor Heilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, presents us tablets found in the far East ratifying and explaining Scriptural passages which were before in mystery. As the builders in Jerusalem today dig for the foundation of new houses they turn up with their pickaxes the ashes of the animals that were used for burned offerings in the temple ages ago, demonstrating the truth of the Bible story about the sacrifices of lambs and heifers and pigeons. There is the history by Josephus describing on uninspired page scenes which the Bible depicts. On the banks of the Dead Sea there are pieces of the very brimstone that fell in the sulphurous storm that destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah. Make up your mind whether the Bible is a glorious revelation of God or the worst imposition of the centuries. Why go gadding about among infidels, atheists and deists asking questions and surmising and guessing about the authority and value of a book which involves the infinities? It is either a good book or a bad book. If it be a bad book, you do not want it in your house nor have your children contaminated with its teachings. If it is a good book, your eternal happiness depends upon the adoption of its teachings. Once and forever make up your mind whether it is the book of God or the book of villainous pretenders.

So, alas, there are those who gad about among particular churches. No pastor can depend on them for a single service. At some time when he has prepared a sermon after all prayer and all research, putting nerve and muscle and brain and soul into its very paragraph, these intermittent attendants are not there to hear it.

But, oh, how the gadabouts injure the churches! Instead of staying in their own prayer meeting or Sunday school they afflict other prayer meetings and Sunday schools. I meet them on the street going the wrong way on Sunday morning and evening, and I accost them in the words of the text, "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?"

My text also addresses those who in search of happiness are going hither and yonder looking for that which they find not. Their time is all taken up with "musicales" and "progressive euchres" and teas and yellow luncheons and "at homes" and dances and operas and theatres, and instead of finding happiness they get pale cheeks and insomnia and indigestion and neuralgia and exhaustion and an abbreviated lifetime.

There is more splendid womanhood sacrificed in that way in our cities than in any other way. The judgment day can only reveal the awful holocaust of jangled nerves and the suicidal habits of much of our social life. The obituary of such reads well, for the story is suppressed about how they got their death while standing in attire of gauze waiting for the carriage on a raw night on the front steps.

While in their lifetime they possessed all the ability for the relief of pain and impoverishment, yet they have no time for visitation of the poor or to win the blessing of such as comes upon those who administer to those who are ready to perish. Enough flowers in their dining halls to bewitch a prince, but not one tuft of heliotrope to perfume the room of that rheumatic on the back street, to whom the breath of one flower would be like the opening of the front door of heaven.

Find me one man or one woman who in all the rounds of pleasure and selfishness has found a piece of happiness as large as that half dollar which the benevolent and Christlike soul puts into the palm of the hand of that mother whose children are crying for bread. Queen Victoria, riding in triumph through London at her jubilee, was not so sublime a figure as Queen Victoria in a hut near Balmoral Castle reading the New Testament to a poor dying man.

Let all the gadabounts for happiness know that in kindness and usefulness and self abnegation are to be found a satisfaction which all the gayeties of the world aggregated cannot afford.

Among the race of gadabouts are those who neglect their homes in order that they may attend to institutions that are really excellent and do not so much ask for help as demand it.

I am acquainted, as you are, with women who are members of so many boards of direction of benevolent institutions and have to stand at a booth in so many fairs and must collect funds for so many orphanages and preside at so many philanthropic meetings and are expected to be in so many different places at the same time that their children are left to the care of irresponsible servants, and if the little ones waited to say their prayers at their mother's knee they would never say their evening prayers at all. Such a woman makes her own home so unattractive that the husband spends his evening at the clubhouse or the tavern. The children of that house are as thoroughly orphan as any of the fatherless and motherless little ones gathered in the orphanage for which that gadabout woman is toiling so industriously.

By all means let Christian women foster charitable institutions and give them as much of their time as they can spare, but the first duty of that mother is the duty she owes to her home.

The book of Samuel gives a photograph of Mephibosheth lame in both feet. When we see any one lame in one foot or lame in both feet, we always wonder by what accident he was lamed. Perhaps it may have been in battle for his country, or he may have been run over by some reckless driver or some explosion did the damage. So you wonder how Mephibosheth became lame in both feet. The Bible for a good reason gives us the particulars. It tells us that when he was a child his nurse dropped him. She must have dropped him very hard, for he never again got over the effect of that fall. Long after the accident we find him at King David's table, but still our attention is called to the fact that his feet were crippled, though so long before his nurse dropped him. And mark you that to-day in all departments of life there are those crippled in habits, crippled in morals, crippled for all time. The accident happened in this way: Their mothers were gadabouts and neglected their homes, and the work of training them was given over to incompetent nurses, and the nurses let them fall into bad habits, told them depraving stories and gave them wrong notions of life and practically ruined them.

But Mephibosheth was taken by King David into the palace and seated at the royal table, so by the grace of the heavenly King these unfortunate ones may yet be seated at the King's table in the King's palace, though the nurses did drop them so that morally they were lame in both feet.

Now, what is the practical use of the present discourse? This: Whereas so many have ruined themselves and ruined others by becoming gadabouts among occupations, among religious theories, among churches, among neighborhoods, therefore resolved that we will concentrate upon what is right thought and right behavior and waste no time in vacillations and indecisions and uncertainties, running about in places where we have no business to be. Life is so short we have no time to play with it the spendthrift. Find out whether the Bible is true and whether your nature is immortal and whether Christ is the divine and only Saviour, and whether you must have Him or be discomfited and whether there will probably ever be a more auspicious moment for your becoming His adherent, and then make this 12 o'clock at noon of November 25, the most illustrious minute that you will ever have passed since the day of your birth until the ten millionth cycle of the coming eternity, because by complete surrender of thought and will and affection and life to God, through Jesus Christ you became a new man, a new woman, a new soul, and God the Father and God the Son and God the Holy Ghost and all angeldom, Cherubim and Seraphim and archangel became your allies.

Found among the papers of the learned Samuel Johnson was a prayer inscribed with the words, "When my eye was restored to its use," and it is a great moment when we get over our moral blindness and gain spiritual eyesight. That is a moment from which we may well date everything. All the glory of Henry II. of France vanished when in a tournament a lance extinguished his eye, and the worst disaster that can happen to us is to have the vision of our soul put out. If you have gone wrong so far, now go right. If the morning and noon of your life have been a moral defeat, make the evening of your life a victory. The battle of Marengo, lost at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, was gloriously won at 6, and in your life and mine it is not too late to achieve something worthy of an immortal. Start right and keep on. Do not spend too much time in tacking ship. David felt the importance of fixedness of purpose when he cried out, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed!"

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

Latest News Happenings Gleaned From Various Parts.

SHOOTING AFFRAY AT SCRANTON

Played Ghost; Hit with an Ax--A Woman Had Her Skull Fractured by a Man With Whom She Had a Dispute--Little Girl Struck by a Trolley Car--Henry Heisey Plunged Thirty Feet Into a Well and was Badly Mangled.

Mrs. Mary Rose was murdered in a cold-blooded manner by Mrs. Josephine Bevelock, in the house of Frank Moresco, at Scranton. The cause of the shooting seems to be involved in somewhat of a mystery. A quarrel over chickens and money, with an added dash of jealousy, seems to be at the bottom of the difficulty. Mrs. Rose charged Mrs. Bevelock with having refused to pay her for certain work she did for her. Angry words followed, and Mrs. Bevelock drew a 38-calibre revolver from her dress pocket and fired five shots, killing Mrs. Rose almost instantly. Annie Morescc was the only eyewitness to this shooting. Following the shooting, Mrs. Bevelock went to her own apartments and afterward to the house of a neighbor, where she was arrested. No sign of remorse is exhibited by Mrs. Bevelock. "She made trouble for me," she said, "and I killed her. I am glad."

Killed With an Ax.

A blow from an ax received by Mrs. John Noone, of North Scranton, will render her insane for the remainder of her life, physicians say. The ax was wielded by Stephen Doyle, one of her neighbors. They had a dispute over the ownership of some property and Mrs. Noone thought to scare Doyle away from the place by assuming the role of a ghost. Covered by a sheet, she made a visit to Doyle's place and pretended to be a visitor from across the river Styx. Doyle saw the pretending ghost and attacked her with an axe, fracturing the skull. Mrs. Noone's physicians say she will recover, but will not regain the use of her faculties.

Killed by a Trolley Car.

Dorothy Wescotte, the 4-year-old daughter of Charles Wescotte, of Rutledge, was run over and killed by a trolley car on the Philadelphia, Morton and Swarthmore line. The child, with her little brother, was crossing the tracks at Linden avenue, near their home. The motorman saved the lad's life by the most heroic efforts. While the car was running he reached out and pulled the boy from the tracks. The children had hold of each other's hands, but released their hold as the motorman caught hold of the boy. The body of the little girl was horribly mangled.

Sentenced Ten Years After Crime.

Convicted of the crime of stealing a horse from Dr. D. H. Shenk, of Lititz, ten years ago, James Warden Moore was sentenced to an imprisonment of ten months in the county jail. The reason for the delay was Moore's incarceration for the past ten years in the Eastern Penitentiary for a similar crime committed in Northampton county. When released from the institution two months ago he was rearrested at the gate after making a dash for liberty.

Express Train Kills Former Soldier.

Thomas A. Boyle, an Englishman, aged 36, was struck by the Philadelphia express while walking on the Reading tracks at the curve near Bingen, and was instantly killed. On the dead man's body were found papers denoting that Boyle had enlisted in the United States Army in 1898 for a term of three years, before the expiration of which he was honorably discharged. His home is unknown.

"Dodger" Thrower Jailed.

John K. Duffey, of Philadelphia, was the first victim of the dodger ordinance in Norristown. He came to town and was caught distributing medical almanacs. He was arrested and given thirty-six hours in jail. His employer came to town to pay the fine of $10 and costs, but as the defendant had only twelve hours to serve, it was decided to let the more vigorous form of punishment, take its course.

Lost Both Legs and Died.

George W. Taylor, of Norrisville, Md., was run over by the shifting engine and a draft of cars on the Frederick division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, east of York, and had both legs terribly mangled. He was immediately removed to the hospital, where both legs were amputated above the knees. Taylor died soon after the operation.

Plunged Into a Well.

Henry Heisey, a prominent farmer of Elstonville, Penn township, died at his home from injuries received by plunging thirty feet down a well at his home. Heisey had been engaged in digging a well and when lowering himself into it the rope broke and he plunged backward. He was frightfully mangled, one foot hanging only by shreds of skin.

State News in Brief.

Two lives were crushed out in the Pine Brook mine of the Scranton Coal Company. William Lammon, miner, and Joe Markotsky, laborer, were the victims. Several hundred tons of rock fell, and it was five hours before the men were dug out.

An unarmed posse rounded up in the woods near Arisonia a gang of tramps who had held up and robbed an Italian workman. The tramps refused to surrender and several of them, drawing revolvers, compelled the posse to retreat.

Mrs. James Hamilton, of Lebanon, may lose her left hand as the result of an explosion caused by her picking a cartridge with a hatpin. The hand was badly mangled.

An operation for appendicitis performed on Mrs. Frank A. Garrison, of Williamsport, revealed the presence in the appendix of a pin an inch long and badly corroded. The pin is thought to have been swallowed by Mrs. Garrison about a year ago. It had entered at the opening of the appendix and had started to work its way out at the other end, the point having passed through.

CURES RHEUMATISM OR CATARRH IN A DAY. TREATMENT FREE.

B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) cures the worst cases by draining the poison out of the blood and bones. Aches and pains in the bones or joints, swollen glands, droppings in the throat, hawking, spitting or bad breath, impaired hearing, etc., all disappear promptly and permanently. B. B. B. cures where all else fails. B. B. B. makes blood pure and rich. Druggists, $1. Treatment of B. B. B. sent free by writing Blood Balm Co., 25 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice given until cured. Medicine sent prepaid. 3000 testimonials of cures by B. B. B., so don't give up hope, but try Blood Balm.

Chinese Minister to France.

Gu Keng, the Chinese minister to France, lives in a luxurious house near the Arc de Triomphe. He is 60 years old, and has served his country since his youth. He fought with distinction under General Gordon in 1864, and, being descended from an old Manchu family, rose rapidly at court. He is an advocate of western civilization for China.

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The gunpowder factory at Kirkee, India, will close on April 1, cordite now being in general use.

All goods are alike to PUTNAM FADELESS DYES, as they color all fibers at one boiling. Sold by all druggists.

There are no silver or copper mines in Ireland, but geologists are of opinion that ultimately large and valuable copper mines will be discovered there.

Best For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C.C.C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

It is the law in Maine that the bounty for bears must be paid when the animal's nose is shown, and in New Hampshire the money is payable on exhibition of the ears.

Good Position.

Trustworthy men wanted to travel. Experience not absolutely necessary. For particulars, address Peerless Tob. Wks., Bedford City, Va.

The Island of Formosa, now a Japanese possession, will soon have a new railway line of great importance. It will be built by a syndicate of Japanese capitalists.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Six hundred "cow punchers" (cowboys) of Nebraska, Wyoming and Colorado were included in Canada's Volunteers for the front in South Africa.

Happiness cannot be bought, but one of the great hindrances to its attainment can be removed by Adam's Pepsin Tutti Frutti.

When shrapnel bursts the bullets go forward; in common shell the fragments fly in all directions.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of throat and lungs.—WM. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

In the new British Parliament 55 members and directors of British railways and 11 are directors of colonial or foreign railways, while half a dozen others are large contractors for railway works.

Men whose only books are women's looks are students of folly.

DO YOU FEEL LIKE THIS?

Pen Picture for Women.

"I am so nervous, there is not a well inch in my whole body. I am so weak at my stomach and have indigestion horribly, and palpitation of the heart, and I am losing flesh. This headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I nearly had hysterics; there is a weight in the lower part of my bowels bearing down all the time, and pains in my groins and thighs; I cannot sleep, walk, or sit, and I believe I am diseased all over; no one ever suffered as I do."

This is a description of thousands of cases which come to Mrs. Pinkham's attention daily. An inflamed and ulcerated condition of the neck of the womb can produce all of these symptoms, and no woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is absolutely no need of it. The subject of our portrait in this sketch, Mrs. Williams of Englishtown, N.J., has been entirely cured of such illness and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and the guiding advice of Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass.

MRS. JOHN WILLIAMS.

No other medicine has such a record for absolute cures, and no other medicine is "just as good." Women who want a cure should insist upon getting Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when they ask for it at a store. Anyway, write a letter to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her all your troubles. Her advice is free.

PAIN OPENED HER SKULL

Mrs. Lasher's Remarkable Story—Dr. Greene's Nervura Cured Her.

MRS. FRED. C. LASHER, JR.

The case of Mrs. Fred. C. Lasher, Jr., a well-known woman of Westport, N. Y., is one of the most interesting on record. It is an actual fact that headaches caused her head to split.

"For thirteen years," she says, "I suffered from terrible headaches night and day, until the bones of my skull opened so that the doctor could lay his thumb right into the opening on to my brain. Two doctors attended me and claimed that I was on the verge of insanity. I was under their care for nine years, but got no relief. Then I tried Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and inside of a year the bones of my head had taken their natural shape again."

That Mrs. Lasher's statements are true is vouched for by reliable men of Westport, and by a Justice of the Peace there. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy cured Mrs. Lasher when all other remedies failed, and it cures thousands of suffering women every year. If your head aches, if you cannot sleep and are weak and nervous, remember that this great curative agent, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, will make you well and strong.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is a physician's prescription, formulated from a discovery after years of investigation and experiment. Dr. Greene, 35 West 14th St., New York City, is the discoverer. He can be consulted free personally or by letter.

HEAVY ELEPHANTS.

The Weight of Sid Is Given at 8,258 Pounds.

There has been little said about the size of elephants since the death of Jumbo a few years ago at St. Thomas, Canada. It is now claimed that "Sid," the giant elephant of the Forepaugh & Sells Brothers' circus herd, is not only the largest elephant in captivity, but weighs more than Jumbo in his palmiest days. Sid's weight is given at 8,258 pounds, while that of Jumbo was advertised broadcast as being 8,176 pounds. The latter was taller, but did not have Sid's massive proportions. Readers will recall a novel race run about a year ago in which a comparison was made between the sprinting ability of an elephant, a camel, a horse, a bicycle, and an automobile. The race was pulled off at Ridgewood Park, Brooklyn, and three heats furnished proof that the elephant racer was Sid, whose great tusks were extended just in time to save the day.

But Sid will win no more races with his tusks. In a fit of rage two weeks ago at Columbus, O., he killed his keeper, Patsy Meagher Forepaugh, whereupon he was placed under chains and the ivories were sawed off close to his chin. Sid furnished objection to the sawing proceedings, but to no avail. The tusks were polished and gold mounted and now adorn the home of Lewis Sells at Columbus, O.

China has not yet learned to its full extent the use of the check and the bank of deposit, the money order or the bank draft in her mercantile transactions.

EXPERIENCED CANVASSERS WANTED Strictly salary basis, with all expenses paid. If inexperienced do not apply. For selling our high grade Ornamental and Fruit Trees, Roses and Shrubbery. References must accompany application. Business established 1846. THE M. H. HARMAN CO., Nurserymen, Geneva, N. Y.

FITS STOPPED FREE Permanently Cured by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER No Fits after first day's use. Consultation, personal or by mail; treatise and $2 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE to Fit patients who pay expressage only on delivery. Permanent Cure, not only temporary relief, for all Nervous Disorders, Epilepsy, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance, Debility, Exhaustion. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ld., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Founded 1871.

TO SELF-SUPPORTING WOMEN

Without interfering with your regular duties you can make money by means of our offer of $17,000 FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS. Send for full particulars. THE DELINEATOR, 7 to 17 W. 13th St., New York.

WILLS PILLS---BIGGEST OFFER EVER MADE.

For only 10 Cents we will send to any P. O. address, 10 days' treatment of the best medicine on earth, and put you on the track how to make Money right at your home. Address all orders to The H. B. Wills Medicine Company, 23 Elizabeth St., Hagerstown, Md. Branch Offices: 129 Indiana Ave., Washington, D. C.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

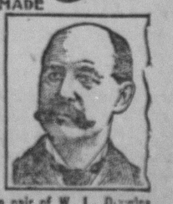
Choice Vegetables always bring high prices. To raise them successfully, a fertilizer containing at least 8% Potash should be used.

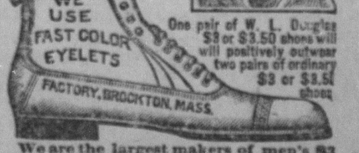
Our books furnish useful information on all subjects relating to crop raising. They are sent free.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau Street, New York.

$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.50 UNION MADE

The real worth of W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes compared with other makes is $4.00 to $5.00. Our $4 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price. Over 1,000,000 satisfied wearers.





One pair of W. L. Douglas $3 or $3.50 shoes will positively outwear two pairs of ordinary $3 or $3.50 shoes.

We are the largest makers of men's $3 and $3.50 shoes in the world. We make and sell more $3 and $3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the U. S.

BEST $3.50 SHOE. BEST $3.00 SHOE.

The reputation of W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes for style, comfort, and wear is known everywhere throughout the world. They have to give better satisfaction than other makes because the standard has always been placed so high that the wearers expect more for their money than they can get elsewhere.

THE REASON more W. L. Douglas $3 and $3.50 shoes are sold than any other make is because THEY ARE THE BEST. Your dealer should keep them; if we give one dealer exclusive sale in each town.

Take no substitute. Insist on having W. L. Douglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom. If your dealer will not get them for you, send direct to factory, enclosing price and 25c. extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Our shoes will reach you anywhere. Catalogue free. W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. Brockton, Mass.

PATENTS WITHOUT FEE unless successful. Send description and get free opinion. MILO B. STEVENS & CO., Estab. 1864. Div. 7, 877—16th Street, WASHINGTON, D. C. Branch offices: Chicago, Cleveland and Detroit.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER. B N U 48.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

CLOTHING AT TEMPTING PRICES!!

Complete stock of $8,000.00 of Ready-to-Wear Clothing must be disposed of within 30 days. Almost one-half recently bought at a saving of 30 per cent..

Every Suit and Overcoat is New this season.
Cut in the latest styles,
Made in the best manner.

but regardless of this they are to be sacrificed on account of HAVING TOO MUCH STOCK, both by overbuying and warm weather delaying business. Will pay you to buy even if you do not need it until next season.

CALL AND SEE WHAT THIS GREAT SACRIFICE SALE MEANS.

You will find that you can buy NEW goods CHEAPER than others charge for their old goods,

REMEMBER EVERY SUIT AND OVERCOAT MUST BE TURNED INTO CASH.

Sim, the Clothier,

Reynold's Bank Building, = = = = Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Thurs., Nov. 29.

LOOK!

Look at things carefully from all points. Don't be narrow in your mind. Look at the inside, the outside, the bottom, the top.

You are not obliged to believe everything you hear or read. But don't shut yourself up within the limits of your own experience, and imagine the world and shoes are the same as they were when you were a boy.

Shoes—and the world, too, we believe—are better now than ever before. If you doubt this, you've probably been wearing the wrong kind of shoes and had your souls cramped.

This is intended for the few who have not been buying "Mingle's."

MINGLE'S SHOE STORE,

Bellefonte.

CHURCH APPOINTMENTS.

Methodist—Spring Mills, 10.30 a. m.; Sprucetown, 2.30 p. m.; Centre Hall, 7 p. m.

Lutheran—Centre Hall, 10 a. m.; Union, 2 p. m. Georges Valley, 7 p. m.

Reformed, Centre Hall, 2.30 p. m.; Tusseyville, 10.30 a. m.

Presbyterian—Centre Hall, 10.30 a. m.; Spring Mills, 2.30 p. m.

C. E. Entertainment.

The entertainment given in the Presbyterian church Friday evening by the Christian Endeavor society of that body was well patronized. Miss Barber's part of the program was entertaining, and the home talent which filled in the program was excellent. Those who participated were, Misses Claire Kennedy and Mabel Arney, duet; Miss Elsie Krise, solo; Messrs. F. J. Smith, C. H. Arney, E. W. Crawford and W. O. Rearick, quartette.

Face Cut.

James Dubbs, who operates the McNitt stave mill located near Loneberger's west of Centre Hall, met with a rather serious accident Friday of last week. He was sawing staves, when something about the saw machinery got out of place, causing a stave to fly back with terrific force, striking him on the nose and splitting that member longitudinally. The laceration was dressed by Dr. J. F. Alexander, and the patient is doing as well as can be expected.

BUCKTAILS AND MODOCS.

Two Boalsburg Hunting Parties Capture Eight Deer in the Seven Mountains.

The Modoc hunting party of Boalsburg long ago taught the "fleetfooted" in the Seven Mountains to have the greatest respect for them and not allow themselves to be seen within gunshot range during the hunting season. There are always some daring deer each fall which foolishly venture within sight of one or the other of this famous old hunting club, and this season's crop of deer was no exception to the rule, for the Modocs returned Thursday with four carcases. The parties reported to the Reporter office as having killed the deer were of Messrs. Israel Condo, Dan Meyers, one each, and John Peters two.

THE BUCKTAILS.

The Bucktails were not behind the Modocs in capturing game, and brought with them the same number, four dead deer. This club, as will be seen, is composed of younger blood, and it is presumed that the deer, in order to escape Modocs' bullets, cast themselves upon the mercy of the Buck-tails and were not received with favor. The Buck-tails who did the slaughtering were Messrs. Thomas Riley, John Fisher, Oscar Stover, and Homer Barr, each one.

Bought a Property.

Alfred Durst purchased the house and lot occupied by D. H. Meyers and owned by C. W. Luse for $950.00. The property will be occupied by C. M. Crider, of the firm of Crider & Orwig, lumbermen, who are doing business near Linden Hall.

Mr. Durst built one of the finest dwellings in Centre Hall on Hoffer street during the past summer for his own use. It is brick cased and roofed with slate and presents an excellent appearance.

It is rumored that Mr. Durst is looking around for another property in which to invest.

Storm at Lock Haven.

Last week's storm did considerable damage in and near Lock Haven. The building now under construction for the Pennsylvania Fire Brick company at Berth Creek, was blown down and Thomas Stahl, an employe, had a leg severely injured. Two tobacco sheds belonging to Robert McCormick below that city, were torn to pieces and the crop of 1,200 acres of tobacco leaf stored in the sheds was destroyed. The tobacco shed of Thomas McKeague at McElhattan, was also destroyed and two iron stacks at L. M. Patterson & Co.'s pipe works, that city, were blown down.

WILL ERECT A MONUMENT.

The Graves of William Rishel and Wife Will be Deservingly Marked.

A monument is at present in course of construction at the marble yards of H. G. Strohmeier, at this place, which will mark the last resting place of William Rishel and his wife, Margaret, who died during 1900, and were buried in the United Evangelical cemetery, near Tusseyville.

The monument is of dark Quincey granite, sarcophagus style, with urn. Mr. Rishel and his good wife did many good deeds during their life time for which they will be remembered for generations to come, but a marker such as their relatives propose erecting to their memory is especially fitting. Mr. Rishel was an ardent supporter of the United Evangelical church during his lifetime, and besides contributing at all times largely towards its support he donated the present site of the church as well as the cemetery in connection with it in which his body rests today.

The monument will be put into position within a week.

Wright Riley Killed.

Wright Riley, of Woodland, was instantly killed by a large tree falling on him while out hunting Wednesday afternoon of last week. The unfortunate man and his friend Ulysses Walker, during the hunt that day chased a rabbit into its burrow, and while in the act of digging the animal out, a large tree was torn from its roots by the wind and fell upon him, crushing his skull. Walker was hurt but not seriously.

Mr. Riley was prominent in musical circles and was leader of the Philipsburg band. He was a married man and leaves a wife and several children.

Fire at Milroy.

Milroy narrowly escaped a disastrous fire Friday afternoon. At the Thompson woolen mill about 2.30 o'clock fire started in the picking department from one of the machines, igniting the wool and for a time the destruction of this important industry seemed imminent. Fortunately the fire was extinguished before a great amount of damage was done.

Boom for Williamsport.

The rains of this and last week will enable saw mill owners in Williamsport to secure 20,000,000 feet of logs lying between that city and Keating. Sixty million feet of logs lie in the river beyond Keating but it will take unusual good logging floods to bring them to the mills.

Leg Broken.

John From, of near Boalsburg, was seriously injured while twenty miles from home in the Seven Mountains Thursday of last week, by being kicked by a horse. Mr. From had gone to the mountains in a two horse wagon to bring back the traps of a hunting party. Something got out of place at the harness, and he stepped from the wagon on the tongue to replace it, when his foot slipped and he fell between the horses. One of the animals became frightened at the commotion and kicked, striking Mr. From on the leg below the knee, breaking both bones. The stroke was sufficiently hard to cause the bones to protrude through the flesh.

Mr. From stood the long and rough ride home very well. Dr. Kidder reduced the fracture, and the patient is doing as well as can be expected.

His Hand in a Shredder.

Saturday of last week John Garner, of State College, got his left hand into a corn shredder and had it cut in a horrible manner. It was necessary to amputate the arm about two inches below the elbow, which was done by Dr. Glenn. The unfortunate man is an employe on one of the college farms. He is getting along very well.

Married at Spring Mills.

Jeremiah Snavely and Mrs. Sarah C. Heckman, both of Spring Mills, were married at the home of Mrs. Heckman Monday evening, by Rev. J. M. Rearick. The bride was the widow of Daniel F. Heckman and is a lady held in high esteem. The Reporter wishes Mr. and Mrs. Snavely a happy life.

Thanks Giving Services.

Thanksgiving services were held in the Boalsburg Reformed church by Rev. White, M. E. Divine, of Pleasant Gap, and at Lemont in the Presbyterian church by Rev. J. M. Rearick, of Centre Hall.

Large Attendance at Court.

Court was largely attended by Penns Valley people this week, several cases of more or less importance being on trial in which they were interested. The suit against the borough entered by the Misses Bible to prove a certain contract involving a water deal, was postponed. The court was crowded with commonwealth cases which are always given preference. The Bible suit was begun at the instigation of parties who had it in for the borough, although they have nothing to lose or make, go as the suit will. Once in the toils, the Bibles were left to paddle their own canoe. The postponement will give time for sober consideration.

Fatally Wounded.

Frank Brindle, son of Mrs. Isaac Aurand, of Ferguson Valley, Mifflin county, with whom he made his home, met with a horrible accident while out hunting Thursday of last week. He was in the woods and was standing on a log, his gun resting thereon, when the log turned and the gun slipped off, the hammers striking and discharging the gun. The load struck him at the one side of the abdomen, tearing a terrible hole from which his bowels protruded. The workmen at a saw mill near by went to his assistance and carried him to the saw mill. Dr. Sweigart gave the young victim surgical attention, but the fatal character of the wound was apparent. Death relieved his sufferings Thursday evening. He was aged nineteen years.

Removed a Cataract.

Dr. C. S. Musser, assisted by Dr. Schwenck of Will's Eye Hospital, Philadelphia, removed a cataract from one of M. M. Musser's eyes. It cannot be said positively for several days whether the operation is a success or not, time only will tell whether the sight has been improved, but judging from the skill of the physicians in charge there is great hope.

The "Loopers" Kill.

A hunting party from various parts of the South side of Potter township, who call themselves the "Loopers" took a day's hunt in the Seven Mountains Saturday and had the good fortune to kill a fine deer. Jacob Royer was the lucky man to get the shot at the game, but it was skill and not luck that directed the bullet.

Brockerhoff House.

John J. Shanfelter, of Williamsport, will become proprietor of the Brockerhoff House, Saturday, December 1. Elmer Thompson, the present host, will conduct the Ickyl club house, Georgia, a branch of the Union League of New York.

Christmas Photos at Smiths.

Now is the time to sit for them. It takes from two to four weeks to get them out, so please do not wait and run the risk of being disappointed. All the new styles at Smith's gallery. At Centre Hall Friday of each week.

W. W. SMITH,
Photographer

STRAY.—Came to the residence of the undersigned, one-half mile east of Linden Hall, during October, 1900, eight head of sheep, seven ewes, one buck. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove the same, or disposition will be made according to law. LUTHER ROYER.
29 Nov 3t Linden Hall, Pa.

Public Sale Register.

NOV. 24, at 1 o'clock, at Tusseyville; at the Wm. Rishel homestead; wagon, sled, household goods, etc. Mrs. S. M. Swartz.

DEC. 21, at Centre Hall, 2 p. m., a tract of wood land containing 10 acres.—George M. Boal, executor of Margaret and Nancy Sparr.

FARM HAND.—Married man, excellent recommendations, wants a place on a farm. Able and willing to do all kinds of work. Inquire at this office.

Free Ad. Column.

FOR SALE:—

Good bay horse 10 years old, weighs about 1300 lbs; works single or double.—D. A. Ertle, Penn Hall, Pa.

Fine bay mare can be bought very reasonable. —C. P. Long, Spring Mills.

LOST—One-half English and one-half Irish bird dog, red head, red and white spots on body; answers to name of Dash. $2.00 reward will be paid by Dr. Park, Centre Hall.

8 No. 1 fat spring shoats—dressing from 125 to 150 lbs. Also about 30 bus. hand picked winter apples—standard varieties.—A. C. Ripka, Centre Hill.

TWO English Berkshire sows.—J. E. RISHEL, Farmers Mills, Pa.

REPAIRING old Wheels costs more than new ones when you can buy 4 **Buggy Wheels** with Tire on and Boxes set for $7.25. I make all sizes and grades with Steel or Rubber Tire, ¾ to 4 in. Tread. Rubber Tire Buggies from $65 to $95. Call at factory or write for catalogue I manufacture and handle a full line of Carriage and Wagon Hardware. Also Bicycle goods, Nails, Plumber's supplies, Dynamite, etc. W. W. BOOB, Centre Hall, Pa.

The Star!

GEO. O. BENNER, . . . Prop.

ESTABLISHED 1889.

We again offer you some quotations that we know will please you and bound to please your pocketbook. Please take a little time and study these prices:

Oil per gallon	9c
Arbuckle's Coffee, 2 lbs	25c
Lion " " "	25c
Banner Lye	10c
Cobbler's Outfit	43c
Men's Dress Shoe	$1.25
Envelopes per pk	3c
Steel Trap with chain	12c
Rolled Oats	8c
Butter Fly Syrup	10c
Oil Cloth, ¼ yard wide	20c
Roller Flour	$1.00

Thanksgiving specials—Cranberries, Sweet Potatoes, Bananas, Oranges, Lemons, Cheese, Prunes, Peaches, Raisins, Buckwheat Flour, Fancy N. O. Molasses, Oysters. Special price on Lemons, 15c doz.

THE STAR.

253 S PA. AVE. - A.E. Emery Property